HE QUILL



JUNIOR

APRIL

NUMBER

1916



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Mr. Bryan's Message to East High Students

On March 22 the Honorable William Jennings Bryan delivered his great lecture on "The War in Europe and Its Lessons for Us" at the Coliseum. It was the good fortune of the managing editor of the Junior Quill to meet Mr. Bryan personally. Mr. Bryan in his private life is genial, companionable, and easily approachable. He was kind enough to give the following signed interview on the subject, "How the Students of East High May Prepare for Good Citizenship:"

"No new ways have been discovered recently. The ways are old and have been stated and explained so often that I cannot answer without going over ground that is very familiar, but as it is necessary to constantly reiterate the simplest and most fundamental truths, so it is necessary to restate to each generation the clearly marked highway to success, defining success as the performance of duty and living up to responsibility. Service depends upon two things—capacity and willingness.

"Training gives capacity and religion gives willingness. The gymnasium supplies physical training to those who have not the advantage of outdoor work and the schools and colleges give mental training. Education consists in two things: First, and most important, in the training of the faculties of the mind; and second, in the gathering of education on useful subjects. Training is put first because if the mind is properly trained it will accumulate information, while the accumulation of education does not necessarily train the mind. Capacity, however, is not sufficient. A man may be capable of great things and yet may lead a useless life. There are three general classes of disposition: the disposition to do nothing; the disposition to do wrong, and the disposition to do right. The disposition to do right rests on moral character and moral character rests upon religion, and in speaking of religion thus I am not speaking of any particular religion, but of religion. Tolstoi defines religion as the relation which man fixes between himself and his God and he defines morality as the outward manifestation of this inward relation. The belief in God is therefore fundamental.

"Unless we believe in a God we cannot plan a life, because a life plan must harmonize with the plan of the universe. When one believes in God he cannot but feel a sense of responsibility to God, and it is this sense of responsibility that compels one to the performance of duty and to the rendering of service. When one is filled with the desire to serve, this desire manifests itself in service in every direction. Circumstances determine in what proportion he shall distribute his service along various lines. Patriotism is service measured in national terms. The high school student—I assume that he will, if possible, continue his education and become a college student later—qualifies himself for large service and if he puts back of that a disposition to serve he can accomplish

much as a citizen as well as in his home and in business,'

College fathadent later - qualifies himself for large service and if he puts fack of that a disposition to serve be can accomplishmed as a cilizen as well as in his home and in business

My Bryan





VOL. XII

DES MOINES, IOWA, APRIL, 1916

No 6

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Managing Editor, Bruce Ashby, '17 Associate Editor, Mabel Dahlstrom, '17

Advertising Clarence Fackler, '16 Carl Juline, '16 Kenneth Henkle, '16 Roy Banta, '16

Literary IIda Hammer, '17 Ircne Toubes, '17

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Belvel Richter, '17

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Hlustrators | Dorothy Twitchell, '17 Charles Crowe, '17

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Faculty Advisers

Miss Macy Miss Patterson Miss Wood

Single Copies 10 cents. By mail, including Commencement Number, \$1,10 Published eight times during the school year

Entered as second class matter January 26, 1912, at postoffice at Des Moines, Iowa, under the Act of March 3, 1879



EDITORIAL



BRUCE ASHBY

All large cities have silent zones around their hospitals. Why shouldn't

Silent Zones we have silent zones in the vicinity of the classrooms?

We should have these silent zones for two reasons: First, because the brain works better in silence; and second, because it is hardly fair, is it, for

MABEL DAHLSTROM

those lucky students who are on their way to the cafeteria to rouse visions of soup and ice cream to tantalize us when we should be practicing concentration?

To be sure, some one may say that high school is not a hospital, but toward noon most high school students are feeling weak.

Bruce Ashby, '17 PAGE FIVE

The Quitte I Million

All who have ever attended East High feel a somewhat personal loss be-

Our Great Loss cause of the fire which almost totally destroyed the old East High building on the night of the eighteenth of March. For almost twenty-five years pupils had attended that school. With much joy have former happenings been recalled to the minds of the East High alumni, perhaps by a mere glimpse of the structure or a picture of some familiar scene.

Those who were among the first to graduate perhaps have a deeper feeling of sadness than the more recent graduates, because they have watched the growth of the school almost in the same way in which they might watch the advancing success of an old and dear friend. Speaking of growth, one of the most pleasing recollections of the old building is that of the circulation of the petition for a new East High building. As there is no longer an old East High building, it is surely the duty of the pupils of the present school to do all in their power to make this school mean as much to all as has the old building.

Mabel Dahlstrom, '17

Is it necessary to think of preparedness, and will preparedness maintain peace? The an-

preparedness peace? The answer to both questions is "Yes." Preparedness in school work makes a peaceful little domain out of any classroom if preparedness is the fixed practice of all the members of that class.

The teachers, like our own president of the United States, are firm believers in preparedness. Speeches are made on the subject, warnings are given, and the necessity of it is impressed upon every listener until he knows that preparedness is the real preventive of war. Let us all join in making "preparedness" the "battle cry of peace" in our school work.

Helen Biery, '17

The Boys' Club, since its reorganiza-

tion under the auspices of Mr. Peter-

The Boys' Club son, is going splendidly. Many good times are in store for the boys of East High through this club. Every junior and senior boy should become a member, and is urged to do so. Many benefits will be received, and it behooves us all, as loyal members of East High School, to get all we can from this organization.

Carrol Scovel

Both last year and this there has been much talk about the organization called the Girls' The Girls' Club Club, but this has gradually died out until there are some people now in school who have never heard of it. It was not successful last year, perhaps because it was started in the middle of the year, but surely this year there should be no cause for failure. It ought not to be hard to get all the girls of the high school interested in this organization, and besides being a great benefit to the school, it might be a source of entertainment and pleasure. I do not say that the affairs of the club have not been in competent hands, but those intrusted with them have not perhaps tried hard enough to get more members for the club. The boys of the school have made their organizations successful; why should it not be so with the girls? Some of the girls are most ardent suffragists, yet they seem unable to uphold even a school organization. Girls of other schools have done wonders in their club; why should not our girls do the same? If every girl would take it upon herself to see that the club is a success, it would be impossible for it to be a failure.

Irene Toubes

It seems to be a common, as well as a natural sentiment, that longer school

work. All students will admit that anything that can take up school time is more worth while than studying. Why are we sent to school? Merely

The Quitte This

to get rid of us from home and torture our poor weak minds with hard lessons and unheard of questions. Naturally the teachers delight in being our keepers and giving us invitations dated "three to four." Another pleasure is a slip to the office. "The Office" is a room containing an ogre, to whom a situation is inexplicable. This is to be expected, though, for an ogre is not supposed to have human qualities. The school rules are unreasonable, too. Can our brains, that are filled with so many movies and novels, remember such insignificant orders, such as remembering everything so that we will not have to return to our lockers and paying attention to such nonsense as the

two-thirty-five tardy bell. Is it possible for the girls to forget their grace and beauty long enough to stav out of the rest room and keep from fixing that bow or curl in assembly? How can we be quiet during the lunch hour when the others are studying and we are dving to exercise our lungs? Is it not nonsense to request us to sit quietly in assembly, or do they think that we are mechanical devices that never tire or wear out? We cannot be expected to do the right thing at the right time. We must be watched. We do these things other places, so why not in school? Can we do better? No! It is too much to expect from such as we are.

Pearl Jones, '17

April Ruth B. Middaugh, '17

There's a glimmering star in the heavens,
The purple twilight falls.
And the fairy clouds bank in the darkening sky

ening sky
Like a hidden castle's walls.

Shrouded, like the silent mountains, In a mantle of purple mist, Comes the joyous spirit of April, Happy, gay, sun-kissed.

Fairer than golden-haired Daphne, Is this goddess of the Spring, And the care-free notes of her sylvan songs Through the verdant woodlands ring.

The flowers nod as she passes,
The wind whispers low and sweet,
And the rippling waves of the river
laugh

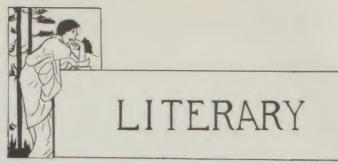
As they dance o'er her dew-kissed feet.

There's a lingering star in the eastern sky,

In the rosy-fingered dawn; But the flowers feel a strange, vague

loneliness, For the spirit of April has gone.





ILDA HAMMER

IRENE TCUBES

The Rescue Will Price, '17

Old East High was afire! The motors shricked their way down the street and came to a stop before the

historic old building, the cradle of the famous modern East High. The fire was evidently a small affair, for, after investigation, the trio of motors left.

An hour or so after another alarm was turned, then the second alarm for other stations, then a third, summoning all the district engines. Again the cars roared their way to the school, this time their number doubled. It was a fire, small but threatening. The firemen, under the direction of Chief Rose, a calm and capable veteran fireman, plunged into the building with chemicals. Again it seemed as if it were a small, easily handled blaze. But suddenly, as

unaccountably as the rest of the fire, tongues of flame, leaping and running, appeared on the cornices at the rear of the buildig. The chief started, then looked carefully.

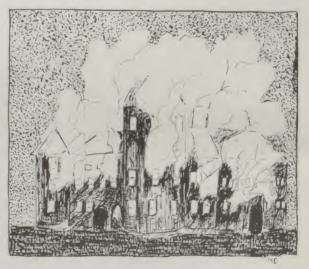
"This is no 'chemical' fire. Order up those pumps and couple No. 3's hose to main 7," he ordered in a curt, sharp

manner.

The firemen standing near ran at his words to do his bidding. The chief turned and saw a sheet of flame spurting up on the roof. It died down, then leaped up again, eating its way along.

"Couple No. 8's hose to main 6. Order up central wagons," he yelled. Turning to his assistant, he said, "It looks nasty. We'll have some trouble."

The assistant chief shrugged and did not answer, but he pointed upwards. The roof was a mass of flames, and



smoke poured out of the upper windows. The two sprang into action once more, directing the men and watching all points. Sufficient pressure and hose were not available, and the hose were playing feeble streams of water against the lower part of the building. The chief, with a small group of his men, stood in front of the main entrance to the building, almost in despair at his helplessness. As he stood thus a little girl came up, sobbing and calling a name over and over again, "Teddy!" The chief swung around on his heel, an excited look upon his face.

"What is it?" he shouted. One of the men answered. "She says someone named Teddy is in that furnace!"

PAGE EIGHT



Without waiting for explanation two firemen, Crist and Darrah, had rushed into the building. The chief and his assistant ran to the other side of the building. The roof was now a roaring, crackling fire, threatening to fall in at any moment. Minutes passed, the fire gained headway, the firemen helpless without the pumps that were so essential. The great tower caught fire, the windows burst, and the whole great roof fell in. Then the roof of the tower crashed in, carrying the third, second and first floors with it.

One of the men. Crist, staggered out, empty handed, face blackened,

and half suffocated by smoke.

"Couldn't find the kid any place in there, chief," he managed to say. "I took the basement, an' Darrah's taken the first. The second's gone. If Teddy was up there—" He did not finish. They all understood him. There was a silence, except for the roaring of the fire and the swish of the water, which now was at full pressure. The pumps had arrived and their throb was heard over all. They were doing great service and had stopped the spread of the flames into another tower.

A shout from one of the men attracted the chief's attention. Coming slowly out of the smoke was a figure, carrying a burden. As he came closer it was seen to be Darrah, but his burden was still indistinguishable. They ran to meet him, while he, laughing foolishly, held up—a singed, watersoaked "Teddy" bear!

A Gentle Hint

F.rnest Shults, '17

Where are the fellows who late last fall

Were vigorously out with racket and ball?

They are standing around and wondering each day

Why the courts are not ready that they might play.

Why are these boys not out this spring

With hammers and rollers to fix up the thing?

If our lovers of tennis will work with a vim,

Soon six fine courts will lie by the gym.

What is So Rare as A Day in April

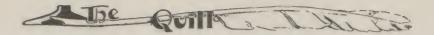
Alice Herman, '17

You woke at seven the other morning with a sense of elation. What was it now? Oh, yes! Today was Saturday—no school, and your "bunch" had planned to "hike" 'way out in the country, with plenty of "wienies" and mustard and buns. You hopped out of bed and raised the blind. Tears of vexation filled your eyes. A gentle, warm rain was falling. But it was only a light shower, and it was so warm you had hopes that it might quit and dry up.

About nine o'clock a very strong, blustery wind came up from the northeast, blew away the clouds, and in an hour streets and walks were dry. But it was no longer warm. The very sunshine made the air seem more raw, and the wind chillier.

About eleven o'clock the wind had blown a small cloud from somewhere, and a few minutes later little clouds were scurrying in all directions and forming big clouds. The sky grew overcast, the sun was darkened, and

PAGE NINE



presently the wind died down and little fluffy flakes of snow began falling through the chilly air.

Well, perhaps you could go coasting as well, you thought disgustedly.

But it was growing warmer.

The snow ceased presently and a gentle south wind gave a few warm, lazy puffs. The sun shone warmly, even hotly. The robins began twittering again. The snow melted and the sidewalks dried,

You thanked your lucky stars, as you and your friends were gaily run-

ning and walking through the fields and jumping fences, with packages of "wienies" in your arms. But what was that? Someone felt a raindrop. You all glanced at the sky—only a moment before blue and cloudless and sunny as a baby's face—now dark and sullen and muttering. O, heavens! It sprinkled—harder, harder—now it was pouring! You ran for the nearest barn.

O. well, what's the use?

After all, what is so rare as a day in April?

The Great Advantage of Studying in the Assembly Room the Third Hour

Mabel Dahlstrom, '17

Much can indeed be gained from studying in the assembly room the third hour. Helene Fox had just come into the room all out of breath. She had come from the basement 'way up to the third floor. As time was limited, she had to run. On the way she had met Gretchen, who told her of some of the things which had happened at the party the night before. On account of this delay she was forced to quicken her speed, and for this reason she arrived at her seat just as the tardy bell rang. Such a relief! She immediately opened her English book to prepare the following day's lesson. Just then the bell tapped and many girls arose to leave for the various teachers' rooms. Helene's eves followed them all and she viewed them from their ribbons to their shoes. "Well, if there isn't Edna," thought, "with her hair fixed a new way. I'm sure I could arrange mine in the same manner and look as well."

Again Helene settled down to study, but just then the bell tapped to quiet some disorder which had arisen in the back part of the room. This over, she again turned to her books, but no sooner had she become interested than the bell was again heard from the platform; this time with renewed force, and the voice of a teacher, saying, "Yes, you; no—you, with the blue bow, yes! You may leave the room and go down below where all the bad girls go." The girl arose and left. Helene's eyes followed her out. "Oh, that poor girl," she thought, "how I should hate to do that."

The girl again renewed her efforts to study. At the next moment Miss Goodrell came in. Helene looked up quickly, but in a flash sought her book again. Miss Goodrell stopped to talk with the teacher, and Helene watched every chance she could.

The bell tapped again; this time Miss Goodrell wished to make an announcement. This over, Helene was really ready to study. After two minutes or so, the forty-five-minute bell rang, and she then quickly glanced up at the clock and grasped her books hurriedly. She arrived at her next class quite discouraged, to think that she had accomplished so little. "Oh, well," she thought. "I can get my lessons just as well at home tonight."



Spring Feber

Lillie Marcus, '17

Along with the beauties of spring comes the dreaded malady, "spring fever," from which no one is immune. All are liable to be caught in its grip. No one can triumphantly announce that he has had it, as does little Susie, who runs over to play with Dolly, who's "got the measles."

But it really is no wonder, for the

call of the woods and the open is irre-

sistible.

Spring fever is usually thought of as a lazy feeling contracted by the small boy of ten or eleven. The symptoms are: "Plaving hooky from school;

going fishing; a slouching gait, and va-cant eye." Though this is one kind of spring fever, it is not the real spring fever, as I see it. To me, spring fever is the feeling of the grandeur and wonder of nature—of the newly budding flowers. The very air itself has a lucidity that is inviting and awe-inspiring.

It also seems to me that spring fever would be a good name for that "clean-up" feeling. Almost everyone has a desire for better and grander and nobler things for which to live, and at this time more than any other.

Reformed

Reuben Hamlin, '17

It was a dark, dismal, chilly night in Waukon Junction, and a heavy fog from the Mississippi settled over the little Iowa town like a cloud, and enveloped a forlorn-looking hut—the home, or rather, the refuge of Charles "Slippery Chick" Hicks, and his coworker, "Pard."



The Quille Mills

The first named was standing with his back to the small stove, discontentedly chewing the end of a cigar, when he heard three soft taps at the door, followed by a soft whistle.

"Come on in," he mumbled in a dis-

gusted tone.

Pard did so. He threw off his hat and raincoat and dropped into a convenient chair.

"Well," he asked, "What's on y'r mind?"

"I'm going," Chick replied.

"Where? What kind of a job is it?"
"It's no job at all, Pard. I'm through with this kind of a life—it's too soft. It was exciting at first, but there's nothing to it any more. Guess I'll go to Mexico—I'll find adventure there."

"Course you know what you want, Chick, but read this over 'fore you go," —and a piece of crumpled newspaper

was thrust into Chick's hand.

He smoothed it out. It was a society item from the Spirit Lake Republican. He shifted his position a little, so the light would fall on the paper, and read:

"At the reception given last evening by Mr. John Pierpont Vanderlip, an oriental prayer rug, valued at twentyfive thousand dollars, was displayed to the guests, who were charmed by its

exquisite beauty.'

"Nothing doing," said Chick in a tone not unmixed with anger. "Why, Pard, I'm ashamed of myself. A big stiff like me, with a college education, a common thief, and all just because I wanted excitement. Why, I could be making an honest living today, and a good one, too;—I wish somebody would give me a good kick, just to show me what a fool I've been. No, never mind, I know."

They were both silent for a minute or two, and then the elder partner of the concern spoke slowly and softly, and in a most exciting tone:

"Twenty-five thousand,-Mr. Hicks."

There was silence for several minutes, but Chick finally gave in. The dishonesty of the thing had been hidden by the glitter of the gold. His partner had noticed the expression of his face change, and answered Chick's question before that person had had time to ask it.

"The west-bound train leaves at seven-twenty in the morning. I'll wake you up. Good-night." And Chick's partner went to bed with a mischievous smile on his face.

Ten-thirty the next night found them not far from the summer home of Mr. J. P. Vanderlip, which was on a hill overlooking Spirit Lake. It was a dark night, but the moonlight shone occasionally through the clouds, and faintly lit up the house and its surroundings.

It was during one of these moonlit intervals that "Slippery" Chick, whose fame as a crook was not yet spread over the country, left his partner on guard and slyly slipped up to the house, or rather, mansion,—for it was a magnificent structure. He stopped suddenly; he thought he had seen a curtain move in an upstairs window, but after watching it closely for a few minutes, he decided that it was merely his

imagination, and forgot it.

He cautiously tried a window, and, as good luck would have it, found it unlocked. After a few quick, quiet, and skillful movements, he was inside the house, with nothing between him and the rich treasure, but—he did not know what. He switched on his flashlight; it cut round holes into the darkness. There was a piano; there, a davenport; next to the wall were the stairs; beside him was a large rocker; in the center of the room was a table piled with books and magazines; at his left, under a window, was a steam radiator; and, right under his feet was—the prayer rug.

Yes, there was no mistaking it. My, such a beauty! Intricate designs of every imaginable color were interwoven into its texture. That was the

most beauti-

"Pretty rug, isn't it?" came a sweet feminine voice from out of the darkness.

Chick's light went out. You could

PAGE TWELVE



have crushed him with a paper-weight. He was caught,—the first time in his career,—and worse than that, he had a woman, or rather, a girl, to deal with.

"Uncle John told me all about the early history of it," she said, "and if you will come in here, I will show you

something else.'

"I know what your game is," Chick said to himself; but, nevertheless, he followed her. She pressed a button; the electric light flooded the room, and Chick's heart missed five beats, when he recognized his college friend, Annabelle Mathis. Neither spoke for a minute, but Chick hung his head, and his eyes sought the floor.

She broke the stillness again.

"You don't seem very glad to see me after all my trouble in bringing you here."

"Your trouble in bringing me here?"

Chick asked in amazement.

"Why, of course, Charles; this is all a put-up job. I fixed it up with that partner of yours. I knew you wouldn't steal that rug for the world. About a week ago, uncle said he had a good position open for a young man with a college education, and that made me think of you."

"But, why are you doing all this for me?" Chick asked, with an almost imperceptible quiver in his voice.

Her eyes now sought the floor, and

her pink cheeks turned red.

"It's getting rather late," she said. "I think you know the way out; the doors are locked. I hope you get that

position. Good-night!'

Chick went away in a daze. He pinched himself several times to make sure that he was not asleep. He did not ask about any eastward-bound trains, but engaged a room at a Spirit Lake hotel.

He made some splendid resolutions that night, and the next day, to his surprise and delight, he received the position with the Vanderlip Supply Com-

The renewed friendship deepened into love, and in time, love led to mar-

riage.

Back in Waukon Junction sat Chick's partner with a letter in his hands, and a smile upon his face. He noticed the year, nineteen sixteen on the letter, and said,

"I wonder who proposed!"

Why?

Mabel M. Johnson, '18

I often sit and ponder, At the ways of the world so strange, Each day I sit and wonder, And still those ways don't change. Why is it that the sun shines On the days I must stay in, And on the days I go away, Why is it that it rains? Why is it that vacation Just comes but once a year, When that is the time of all times That to me is so dear? Why is it, when my lessons I do not know so well, The teacher always calls on me,-Why is it, can you tell? Why is it that on circus day, My tooth is sure to ache. And on the days I feel just fine, The yard then I must rake?

Why is it that those dreaded tests Must always come my way, When I have lost my book, or else Just "plumb forgot" the day?

Why is it—oh! but I must stop, My sorrows are too great; Why, it would almost tire you out To listen to my fate.

But, ah! I almost have forgot To tell you of the "good things," That's just the trouble with all "us folks,"

We fret too much o'er triflings.

We forget the things that go "our way,"

We want them to be as they might, But if we would think, twice out of three,

Most everything goes all right.

PAGE THIRTEEN



His Last Chance

Elinor Randolph, '18

"It's your last chance to make good as a watchman, Jim, just until after the "big freight," then you can sleep all you want to." Derry hesitated, and then went on. "I wish you would, for your sake, and mine. Well, good luck," and he passed out into the night.

The ten-o'clock freight and the eleven-forty-five passenger went up. Jim was beginning to get drowsy, but he steeled himself against it; he must keep awake until after one,—the time for the "big freight." He must show Derry

that he wasn't a "quitter."

The little signal bell rang out on the still night air, but Jim slept, exhausted by the effort of trying to work all day and night. In the distance, a quartermile below the first street crossing, the "big freight" gasped and choked and struggled up the steep grade, emitting great, billowy clouds of white smoke which were lighted up with a red glow when the door to the fire-box was thrown open. The great engine coughed and was almost silent, but broke forth immediately with a loud roar, and began to pull the long, snake-like thread of cars steadily up the grade. The bell clanged continuously, and the engineer listened with vague forbodings for the bell at the first street crossing, but no sound broke the silence of the night.

An automobile, bearing the last of the gay dancing party, sped along the street. "Let her out, Don, old boy, or we'll not get home tonight. There's nothing ahead of us now."

Still Jim slept on, but his dreams were troubled. A great beast lashed him with its tail.

The "big freight," gathering speed as it came up on the level, rushed toward the crossing.

Not suspecting their danger, the occupants of the car laughed and chatted together. An accident was unavoidable, unless something was done.

The beast was saying, "Man, you've failed!" when Jim awoke with a start. "My—," he screamed, "the 'big freight's' here." He threw over the lever, and pumped the gates down furiously. "Thanks,—Oh, suffering Moses! those fools will be killed!"

The occupants of the car had realized their danger, and were speechless

with fright.

"Go on through; you can't stop now." And, with a splintering crash, they burst through the gates just before the

"big freight" sped by.
Jim settled back weakly

Jim settled back weakly in his chair, and placed his hands shudderingly over his face. "I've lost my last chance." he moaned, "but, thank God, they weren't killed."

"No. you haven't," Derry's big voice boomed at his side, "you've a set of gates to pay for, but, begorra, I think you've learned your lesson for all time."





Limericks

There was a young fellow named Bruce,

Who was always looking quite spruce; When the girls 'round him would shy, He'd ne'er blink an eye,—
This charming, young fellow called Bruce.

Madge Vest, '17

There is a dear girl in this class, Who's the sweetest and prettiest lass; Now, her name is Madge Vest, She's considered the best By all of the boys who pass. Elizabeth Englebeck, '17.

There is a young lady named Frances, Who can dart very wonderful glances, More meaning have they Than words, she does say, Every youth she quickly entrances.

There was a young junior named Ross, Who always seemed quite at a loss When his paper he'd take To correct a mistake, And this made his teacher quite cross.

Gladys Parson, '17

There is a young fellow named Mac, Who is certainly great on the track: He always will win As before him his kin, And a victory he will bring back.

Margaret Chemberlin, '17

A Sunshine Song

Edna Burwinkle, '16

Look back and count things over, Then look ahead and smile; The heaviest fields of clover Are in the afterwhile!

Look back and calmly ponder, Then look ahead and sing— All hopes are far off yonder, Tomorrow makes the king!

Look back, but never sadly; Ahead, and always sweet— The best days burn so gladly, The world is yet to meet!

Look back, but not in sorrow, Ahead, but not in fear— Life builds on dreams tomorrow, The best is not yet here!



The Rolls I Mills

Who is this charming East High maid With eyes so brown and bright, Who sometimes in assemblies, With song gives us delight? She never frowns, for on her face Sad looks refuse to tarry; Who is this happy songbird? Her name is Davis, Mary.

Here is a rather modest youth,
So quiet and so shy;
Perhaps he's merely bashful,
All the girls are wondering why;
But when he's in the classroom
And all grades begin to fall,
With ready information
Bruce Ashby dazzles all.

He's tall and straight and slender
And he has a learned look,
The air of a professor
Who can master any book;
He and his Ford are loving pals,
In athletics he has pep;
His name is Sidney Shepard,
In other words, just "Shep."

Mary Hall, '17





Freshman Jingles

Tommy's Likes

I like to go to movie shows, And also go out riding; I like to put on my Sunday clothes. And down the hill go sliding.

I like the frosting on mother's cakes, And I also like her pies; I like anything my mother makes, But my old neckties.

A Rhyme Ruth Gould, '19

Sing a song of school days,
I'm glad they're almost o'er,
For then I can sleep in peace
With no one pounding down my
door.

No longer shall I lie in bed
Thinking thoughts of fear and dread
Of being late, but calmly wait
And see the hands reach half-past
eight.

Spring is Coming Walter Hinrichs, '19

Spring is coming, spring is coming; How can I tell? How can I tell? I can hear the birds humming, And the clear brooklet running,— That's how I know spring is coming.

Spring is coming, spring is coming; How can I tell? How can I tell? The meadows are green, And set us in a dream,— That's how I know spring is coming.

Spring is coming, spring is coming; How can I tell? How can I tell? The flowers are springing, Beneath the birds singing,— That's how I know spring is coming.

Spring Time Wayne Keck, '19

Spring has come and brought the birds, And blown the snow away; Out in the country, cattle in herds Are passing day by day.

Trees that were white with the snow, Show green on the new spring morn; Flowers and shrubs commence to grow, And soon we'll see the tassled corn.





A very small boy was wandering through one of the corridors on the first floor the Monday after vacation, crying so hard that one would think his little heart would break.

"Why, what's the matter with you,

and why are you crying?" said I.

The poor, little lad looked very frightened, and tried to explain to me.

"Well, I-they told me I should come here, and I know it's right,—but, oh! there's so many awful halls, and so many, many rooms that I don't know where to go, or what to do. You see, I came from Grammar School, and it wasn't half so big and awful as this, and I know I shan't like it one bit!"

"My, you are rather early, aren't

"Yes, but-but I thought high school began at eight o'clock, and so I thought I ought to be here then!"

"Well, you just come with me, and I'll see what I can do for you. I think you belong in the music room."

The poor, little fellow just clung to me, and begged me to keep away from the office. I gave him my word of honor, and, taking him by the hand, started for the music room, where he found a number of his school friends.

Just before leaving him, however, I said, "Look here, little fellow, you mustn't become discouraged already. You have a great deal to learn, and a long time in which to learn it. When I was a little boy, not much larger than you, and entered East High as a freshman, I was very much discouraged, too. I have been here for so many years now, that I feel as though I never wanted to leave.

"Well, since you are here to stick, you might as well take a few pointers from me, right now, so that you won't be getting into serious trouble next year. I know this from my own experience, and will tell you, so that you may tell others.

"First of all, don't be tardy, or you will have to stay one whole hour.

"Don't chew gum while in East High. Leave it outside, or leave it alone entirely. Never stick it on your desk, or throw it on the floor.

"Don't whisper, or even move, while in the assembly room, unless you want a week's vacation.

"Don't throw paper wads, whatever you do. You might hit something some day that would hurt you.

"Don't ask Miss Goodrell to let you take geometry or chemistry the first year. Remember what you are.

"Don't try to open your locker with a button-hook, or borrow a hair-pin from your neighbor. Bring your locker key, and, whatever you do, don't ask for the master key.

"Don't touch things which don't belong to you, and don't break up the

furniture.

"And, one more thing I want to tell you to remember, and that is, don't pose around in the halls, either before eight-fifteen or after two-thirty. Go to the study room in the morning, and go home when school is out.

"Now, I must study my Latin. Hope that I have helped you. If you just remember what I have told you, and if you use your head a little bit, you will get along nicely."

The Oving

"Say, John, did you hear how Mr. Hol has a secret way of making extra money for himself?" inquired a young boy of John this morning.

"Why, no! How did you find it

out?" said John.

"You see, he was seen coming to school very early this morning, and a student, who happened to come along just then, saw him enter school, and decided he might as well go in and study; so he went in also. He got his books from his locker and proceeded to the south study room. As he opened the door, he saw Mr. Hol bending over one seat after another, looking at them very closely. He passed several, and at last seemed to have found what he was looking for. He took a knife out of his pocket and started to pry something from under the desk. He got off a good-sized lump of something and put it in a large bag which he was carrying. He proceeded to inspect several more desks, and prepared to leave. Just as he was going out of the door, he saw the boy who had come to study.

"What are you doing here so early?"

asked Mr. Hol.

"What are you doing?" asked the student. "Why are you going over every seat?"

"Oh, just making a little extra money," was the reply.

"I don't see how!"

"Well, you see, most of the students in the school chew gum. I find they generally have four or five sticks, chewing it at one time. When they see the teacher coming down the aisle, they stick it under the desk, and here is where I make my money. I take the gum, which in all is about ten pounds a day, and take it home. When I have a hundred pounds, I take it to the Hutchinson Candy Company and they pay me five dollars a hundred for it. You see, it is all very good, and of so many different kinds, that they make out of it a very good variety named, 'Chew It Always.' You see I clear a pretty good amount every month."

ED FLENTJE, '17

Yes! We have done some things to make our school more beautiful. Take, for example, the beautiful vine which was planted at the foot of the great oak tree in front of the building. It is a most wonderful creation, and, during the four years of its life, has attained the magnificent height of eighteen inches, and circumference of one-tenth of an inch at the base. Its wondrous beauty can be seen for a number of feet—if it does not blind the spectator. Wonderful, isn't it, that a large school like this should have such an artistic

These were my thoughts as I wandered disconsolately through the halls the other day, trying to think of someone to interview. They call me the Interviewer, but if you can't find anyone to interview, what are you going to do? But my reputation was saved. As I passed the office, Miss Goodrell called me in and asked me to guide two French ladies around the campus.

"Ah! grand, superb," cried younger lady, as she caught sight of that wonderful vine; "I can almost see

it with my glasses off."

"Oui, oui, and see how cutely ze orange peel is laid at ze edge of ze sidewalk," exclaimed the second lady; "and look at ze position of ze apple core. Isn't it wonderful, ze artistic temperament which ze Americans have?

My cap began to grow small; and, as I conducted them around the building, I wondered if there was danger of my

taking cold.

"What wonderful gravel beds," exclaimed the first lady, as we came in sight of the tennis courts; "I wonder if ze students work them for ze schoolboard?"

The second lady gazed in awe at the sight. Our tour was completed, and, carrying my useless cap in my hand, I started for home, wondering why I had never realized before the great geniuses that have shown the way to beautify our school.

DARYL JOHNS, '17



"Don't you love this glorious spring weather?" exclaimed Mabel Dahlstrom enthusiastically, as we were coming up from the cafeteria together. "Why, when I see the sun shining and hear the birds singing so beautifully, it makes me feel as though I could work forever without getting tired."

"What," thought I to myself, "am I the first to discover this unheard-of phenomenon,—a student who likes to

work in the spring?"

"Yes," she continued, "I think that spring ought to have a good effect upon lessons, because, for people suffering with that extremely popular malady, spring fever, good, hard work is the

best tonic ever invented."
"But surely," I gasped, in dread fear, lest some teacher should be lurking in a nearby corner, and profit by her words, "you don't intend that we should have longer and harder lessons assigned?"

"Well, no,-not that," she replied,

relenting: "But,

'O, what is so rare as a day in "spring,"

Then, if ever, come perfect days," and she rambled on, quoting spring poetry by the yard.

"'In the spring a young man's fancy—'"

"Speaking of spring fever," I began, but our conversation was here cut short by the bell, and we hurried to our respective classes.

IRENE TOUBES

As I was looking about for a worthy victim to interview, and was not succeeding very well, I happened to go past the Master Clock.

"Aha, the very thing!" I ejaculated, and thereupon I approached him with

due respect.

"Good day, Master Clock," I greeted him, as I gazed into his face. "Would it hinder you in your important business if you talked to me for a few min-

The pendulum swung back and forth, and, as it swung, the clock spoke in

slow, dignified accents.

"I have just been waiting for some one to talk with! It is very unsatisfactory to express yourself always with bells. I cannot speak long, but I will tell you what I can in a few minutes.'

"Thank you, sir," I said. "You must have a great many thoughs, and observe a great deal during your silence. What do you consider your rank in this

"That is a question I have often pondered upon," he replied. "Sometimes I think I am the master of affairs, for what would happen if my brothers and I refused to work? You might get long periods for reciting your Latin, Physics, Spanish, or any other lesson, and only short periods for your study The only persons, who might think it a benefit for me to stop my monotonous labors, would be the few that arrive here after eight-thirty; for then no one would know what time it was.

"However, when I look at matters in a different light, I do not feel so important,—for I would not ring bells if Dr. McChesney did not keep me in good health, and if Miss Hammer did not set the time for them. But Miss Hammer would not set the time without Miss Goodrell's orders; so, after all, when I think upon the subject in this way, I realize that Miss Goodrell is more important than I am."

Just then the eight-twenty-five bell rang, and taking that as a dismissal, I said, "Good-bye," and hastened away.

GLADYS PARSONS, '17





WHAT'S DOING



BELVEL RICHTER

Shortly before noon on Friday, March 17, an assembly was called to hear a recital by Mrs. Fredericka Gerhardt-Downing, a graduate of East High. Mrs. Downing is at the present time doing both choir and chorus work in Chicago. The school enjoyed the recital very much, for it is seldom that we are favored by one so talented.

In honor of St. Patrick's Day, every descendant of the land of the emerald sod wore a green emblem, the girls wearing either green dresses or hair ribbons, and the boys displaying green shirts, neckties or hose.

Every Friday morning during the general study period, a lecture on life insurance is given in the business department, to those of the two upper classes that wish to hear it. There is a series of six lectures, of which five have been given. The first lecture was given on March 17th, by Mr. A. T. Watson, of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company. He spoke on the general subject of "Life Insurance."

On the following Friday, Mr. Gerard Nollen spoke on "The Mathematical Principles Involved in Life Insurance." The third lecture was given by Dr. J. H. Peck, who talked on "The Medical Problem of Life Underwriting." The fourth lecture, which should have been given on April 14, was postponed until April 21. On that date Mr. Clarence N. Anderson spoke on "The Agencies Department And Its Relation to Life Insurance." The fifth lecture was given by Mr. Henry S. Nollen on "Home Office And Its Relation to Life Insurance." On May 5, the last of the series

will be given by Mr. Emory H. English, State Insurance Commissioner, on "State Supervision of Life Insurance."

All the lectures have been very interesting, and after each lecture, time was taken for any questions that the students wished to ask.

For the last several weeks a "good English campaign" has been carried on. Each week, particular attention is paid to a few grammatical constructions, which are frequently used incorrectly. The correct and the incorrect forms are put on the blackboard in each recitation room, as a reminder for each recitation. The first week was devoted to the use of the correct forms of the verbs, "see, do and go"; the second, to the use of the correct forms of the words, "those" and "them"; the third week, to the correction of the "double negative."

It should be remembered by the student that he is expected to use the correct forms of all the words he has studied, rather than the particular words that he is paying attention to for that one week.

It is the plan of the faculty to continue this campaign for the rest of the

semester.

Grammar School was asked to join the assembly, which it did. Miss Goodrell then called on Tom Hudson, president of the twelfth grade class, to deliver an address of welcome to the eighth graders. This was followed by the program, as announced, with a few added attractions, the complete pro-

The Quille This

gram being as follows:
Piano solo......Lawrence Carter
Patriotic songs.....School
Accompanied by Lawrence Carter
Vocal solo.....Mary Davis
Accompanied by Delia Fraley
Reading.....Sara Toubes
Suffrage song....Girls' Glee Club
"How I Wrote the Suffrage Song"......Miss Hathaway

The students were sorry to hear that the famous "Sixteenth Street Quartet" could not sing, on account of the absence of the tenor.

If any more assemblies of this sort are held, anyone who knows a student that is capable of helping in an impromptu program, is urged to make it known.

At time of going to press, East High is planning to celebrate Shakespeare's tercentenary on April 23, by having each class present scenes from different Shakespearean plays. Mrs. Lytton is in charge of the preparation of the dramatic part of the celebration and Miss Stowell is in charge of the dances. The plays represented are as follows: Ninth Grade.

In the afternoon, on April 5, a "just-to-make-a-few-announcements" assembly was called. After Miss Goodrell had given out all the announcements she could think of, she asked if there were any that she had forgotten. At first no one moved, but at last a life-saving twelfth-grader arose and reminded Miss Goodrell that a short program had been planned for that time. She replied that she had not heard of it, but asked the public-spirited twelfth-grader to announce it. The quick-witted young gentleman then announced a short impromptu musical program.

The East High Men's Club is surely having a good time since its organiza-

tion. They have had several different affairs, but tried a new one on April 12. As reported by Mr. Peterson, president of the club, the affair was a stag supper, served in the domestic science rooms. Mr. Pollock was the head cook, and so far there are no indications but that the food that they ate was absolutely harmless.

Many hearts were saddened on Saturday evening. March 18, as the news swept over Des Moines, "Old East High is burning!"

Inquiry proved this to be true. For several reasons the fire department was unable to extinguish the flames, and Sunday found the building practically in ruins.

Our fathers and mothers were just as proud and happy twenty-five years ago over their "New East High" as we are over ours today. It was a great occasion in East Des Moines, when, on March 5, 6, and 13, 1891, Dedicatory Exercises were held for the old build-On March 5, a general meeting was held, and many people, who are now and were then prominent, participated in the exercises. We find, in looking over the program of that date, that East High's friend, Mr. G. D. Ellyson, as president of the class of 1891, made an address. Mrs. Sarah Remsberg, who was the first teacher, gave the early history of the school. The first graduate, Miss Elizabeth K. Matthews, also made an address at that program. Farther on, we find the name of Gov. Horace Boies, and of many men, who have since then passed away, and men who have since then become famous. The other two programs were given by post seniors and seniors, who have since become influential citizens of the city and state.

Many are the memories that will endear old East High to those who were students there, and in spite of the fact that it is being rapidly rebuilt to become the up-to-date Grammar School of East Des Moines, there are those to whom it will always be "Dear Old East High."

The Ruits I Milli

Another new club has been organized. This is the Commercial Club, and its purpose, as stated by Mr. Mac-Gregor, is a very good one. His statement is, "The purpose of the Commercial Club is to arrange for visits to various industries, to get systematic information as to the management of offices and office forces, and to get a line on the product sources of raw material and all lines that go to make Iowa a great industrial state." The officers elected at a recent meeting were Hubert Shufelt, President; Harry Berlovich, Vice President; Clarence Fackler, Secretary, and Mildred Redhead, Treasurer. The members of the executive committee are Kenneth Henkle, Chairman; Hubert Shufelt, Charles Howard, Antoinette Whitney, Leona Ellis and Carrol Anderson.

"The Taming of the Shrew," considered to be one of Shakespeare's best comedies, was presented by an excellent cast, selected from the twelfth grade class, at East High on Thursday night, March 23. All of the cast succeeded surprisingly in the portrayal of their parts. The orchestra furnished the music for the occasion and deserves much credit for its part on the program. Mrs. Edward Lytton, who directed the play, should be given credit for the success of the play.

There was a large advance sale of tickets and it is believed that fully eleven hundred people were present.

cieven numered people were present.
The cast was as follows:
Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua
Frank Dean
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa
Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love
with BiancaClarence Fackler
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona
Bruce Gould
· ·

	Servants to		
Tranio.		Roy	Banta
Biondell	0	Lawrence	Carter

Servants to Petruchio.
Grumio Ward Williams
Curtis Frank Vetter
Nathaniel Dwight Osborne

PhilipRoger Webley
JosephEarl LaSalle
Nicholas
A PedantGlen Snyder
Daughters to Baptista.
Katherine, the Shrew Elinor Melcher
BiancaRuth Holt
A widowLela Lingenfelter

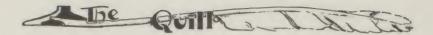
According to Mr. Wilson, the Boys' Bible Class is planning a hike up the river some time in the near future. Mr. Wilson's idea that there should be more things outside of school in the line of hikes or social affairs, in order that the students may become better acquainted with each other, is an excellent one and should be carried out.

One of the first things that the Boys' Club is undertaking is that of making the ball diamond on the stadium. A league will be formed when the diamond is in condition. All boys wishing to play in the league should see one of the members of the boys' or the men's organization and hand in their names. It is not known yet just the teams that will be picked from the list of "scrubs."

It is also the plan of the Boys' Club to carry the tennis tournament through this year. It has been suggested that one court be saved entirely for matches and that definite times be designated for the matches to be played. If these plans are carried out a successful tournament will be practically assured.

On Thursday, April 6, Mr. John S. Nollen, president of Lake Forest College of Lake Forest, Ill., spoke to the school on "Why is a College." His talk was brief, but good.

After the address a short time was taken to boost the Junior Quill. Bruce Ashby had charge of the meeting and called upon a few members of the staff. Contributions of good jokes and interviews were asked for by the speakers.



On Thursday, March 16, at 6:30 o'clock, the East High Men's Club and the Boys' Club had a get-together banquet.

The spread appealed to the boys and they had no trouble devouring it. It might be added that the teachers had little difficulty in doing the same. Orville Ellis, president of the boys' organization, acted as toastmaster and called for the following toasts:

"We're Off".......Mr. Peterson
"Getting Together"..Gerald Van Horn
"Making Good".....Earl LaSalle
"Something Doing"...Mr. MacGregor
"Backing Up the Line"..Frank Vetters
"The Gift of Gab".....Mr. Pollock
"True to the Colors"..George Wequist
"All Work and No Play Makes Jack
a Dull Boy".....Mr. Lyman
"All Play and No Work Makes Jack
a Mere Toy".....Mr. Ide
"Possibilities of the Boys' Club"....
Miss Goodrell

Miss Goodrell announced in an assembly the other day that the receipts of the Drake faculty concert, that was promoted by the twelfth grade class, were \$160. The receipts of the play, "The Taming of the Shrew," given on March 23, are not known yet. The receipts of the concert are to be spent in building bleachers on Alumni Field. Here's hoping that the eleventh graders will clear as much or more on their entertainment to make money for the same fund.

On the first Monday in vacation, March 27, twenty-seven boys worked on the track at the stadium. The boys' work was to remove cinders and level the track. Mr. Wilson, who was in charge of the boys, said that they had a fine time and that it was the most industrious bunch that he had ever had charge of. Each boy brought his own rake and received twenty-five cents an hour for his work.





PAUL TROEGER

INDOOR BASEBALL.

The game between the sophomores and alumni, April 7, closed a most successful indoor baseball season. A great deal of interest has been shown in the games this year; even teams composed of alumni and members of the faculty have taken part. The scores in most cases have been pretty close. One of the most interesting contests was the one between the alumni and faculty on the evening of the Boys' Club Banquet. At first, the faculty seemed sure winners, but the effects of the banquet soon became evident. The hilarious alumni forged ahead, due mainly to the

slugging of Burkman, Metcalf and Yoders, and they won the game by a safe margin. Van Liew, Lyman, Mc-Chesney and Peterson were the bright and shining lights for the faculty.

The question as to who would be winners of the interclass series remained in doubt to the last. It finally narrowed down to a fight between the juniors, freshmen and alumni. In a final game the hard-hitting freshies took the third-year men into camp and the final outcome of the series was a tie between the alumni and freshmen.

THE TRACK OUTLOOK.

Budding trees and singing birds are not the only things brought to life by the joyful call of spring. About this time of the year certain feelings begin to stir in the breast of the aspirant for track honors. The first warm, sunny days find him itching to be out and doing. This year was no exception, and when the first call for track material was given, over fifty enthusiastic fellows responded. Short talks were made by Miss Goodrell and Captain Byers, training rules were laid down for the coming season and the meeting adjourned after being voted a huge success.

The first actual training began with short workouts on the track south of the school. Later the men had their practice on Alumni Field, where they have more room to work. The quar-

ter-mile track has been surfaced with cinders, as has also the 100-yard straightaway, and although the cinders have not as yet had time to pack, as soon as the track is used a little and is scraped and rolled a few times, it will be the equal of any high school track in the state. There are very few colleges who can boast of a quarter-mile track, or as good a place to train as East High has, and our thanks are certainly due to the alumni and other boosters who have made these advantages possible.

It is as yet a little early to get a line on the track material or what chances we have for a winning team. Last year East High won a total of 123 points in meets in which she was entered. The winners of 75 of these points are now in school. This seems to show that the Scarlet and Black



must develop a number of new point winners if she expects to be in the running this year. Byers, captain of this year's team and winner of individual honors in last year's city meet, is expected to repeat this year. In the weights and in the quarter Overturf was one of our most consistent point winners last year and he is showing still better form now. Others who won points last year and who are out again this season are Spears, Yarn, Shepard and Shufelt. The loss of Ellis and Storey will be keenly felt, but it is hoped that new men can be developed to take their places. Dietz is showing great form in the dashes and no doubt will be able to fill with credit the place left vacant by Ellis in our unbeatable mile relay team. East High seems to have point winners in every event but the hurdles, and if some of the new men can be developed in this, we shall have a fairly well-balanced team.

The coming of our new teacher, Henry Willits, an old East High "grad" and one of the most consistent pole vaulters ever turned out at Grinnell, gives quite a boost to our chances of winning points in the pole vault. Shepard should develop into a record breaker under his instruction. Mr. Donaker has promised to show the fellows how to handle the weights.

No doubt a large amount of good material will be uncovered. Some dark horse springs up every year and no doubt this will hold good this season. Several of the Grammar School star athletes are in school this year and should be expected to win points. "Tod" Lyons is an all-around man who finished second in the race for individual honors in the city grade school meet last year. He will no doubt keep up his reputation in high school.

With a number of last year's point winners as a nucleus, and a large amount of new material, there is no reason why East High should not have a good track team this year. If the boys all train and follow instructions conscientiously the end of the season will see new banners on our walls and new trophies in our trophy case.

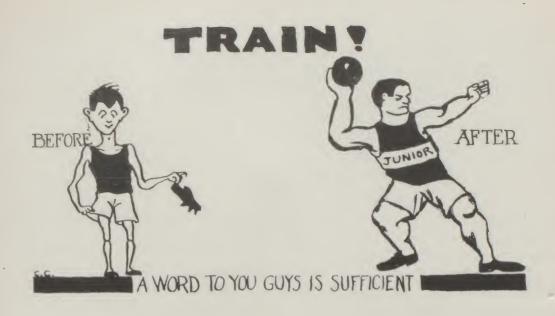
INTERCLASS BASEBALL GAMES.

For several years outdoor baseball has not received much attention in East High. This has been due to an overwhelming interest in track sports. Back in 1910 and '11, when the total population of the school was only about six hundred, baseball leagues were formed and games played on the old "Square," where East High now stands. These games were always well patronized and a great deal of interest was shown in them. Now we have a fine place to play south of the "gym," every facility is offered in the way of dressing rooms and equipment and there is no reason why class teams could not be formed and a schedule of games arranged.

PAGE TWENTY-SIX

It is true that a fellow cannot play baseball and be training for track at the same time; still, in a school as large as East High, there are plenty of boys who cannot or will not get out for track, but who would be glad to play baseball.

There is a large tract of land northwest of the Alumni Field which is being made into an admirable baseball diamond. A movement is now on foot to organize a league and get out a schedule. Miss Goodrell is heartily in favor of the plan. There can be no question but that such a league would be a good thing, and if the whole school gets behind and boosts the plan, it is sure to be a success.



A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE?

When Byers runs the hundred in ten flat,

And Dietz's bowlegs lead the field by forty feet;

When Shepard breaks the record in the vault,

And Dyer takes the race that wins the meet;

When Pip shoves out the pill a half a block,

And Yarn shows in the jumps that he is best;

When Shuey hurls the platter out of sight,

And Snyder shows his heels to all the rest;

When our great relay team kicks up the dust,

And leaves all others half a rod behind:

Then West will weep and wail and gnash her teeth,

And get a magnifying glass to find The color of her score. Revenge is sweet,

And, boys, we'll taste revenge if you but work,

And right now make a vow to win that meet.

So cut the Durham, parties, pies, Get out and train each day,

And then we'll show those fellows up, The old-time East High way.



GERTRUDE TAYLOR

Jennie Brody has been elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Grinnell. This is an honor society, the members being chosen for high scholarship.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Carrol are the parents of a baby boy. Paul Carrol is

a graduate of East High.

Emma Holt, Louise Conrad, '14, Audrine Patterson, '14, Florence Price, '13 and Isaphene Haas, '12, are working in libraries of Des Moines.

Herbert Selindh, '10, who took electrical engineering at Ames, has ac-

cepted a position in Denver.

Eskil Carlson, one of East High's graduates, was elected a municipal judge at the recent city election.

Lillian Burnstein, '14, was married April 11 to Mr. Ben Muskin of Omaha. Will Taylor is working in one of the

banks of Redfield, Iowa.

Alma Gabriel, '13, is attending Boul-

der College, Colorado.

Nellie Kile, '12, Lucia Paul, '13, and Pearl Edworthy, '14 are taking primary training work at Des Moines College.

Stella Waddell, '15, is working for the Great Western Accident Company.

Helen Anderson, '13, is not attending Ames this semester on account of ill health.

Isador De Nelsky, '13, is attending Des Moines College.

The marriage of Benetah E. Turpin, '13, to Mr. Paul De Motte is an April event.

Albert Ekberg is a traveling sales-

man for the Hewitt Company.

The primary training course of Drake University seems to be very popular with East High graduates. In this year's graduating class are Marion MacRae, '14, Blanch Taylor, '13, and Edna Clark, '14.

Valeria Anderson and Elwood Griffin were quietly married February 16. 1916, at the bride's home. The happy pair will be at home after April 1 near Union Park. Both Mr. and Mrs. Griffind were former East High students.

Fred Anderson, '15, is working as a contractor in Carroll county.

Miss Martha Dahl was married April 20 to Mr. Charles Porter.

Floyd Hunter, '14, who is teaching manual training at the Albia High School, spoke before the Southeastern Iowa Teachers' Association at Oskaloosa. His subject was, "Have You a Vision of Your Work?"

Clifford Heer is intending to enter the Harvard Law School this fall.





'EXCHANGES'

MABEL JOHNSON

The Quill has received a great many excellent exchanges this month. We

appreciate them all very much.

The Gleam, St. Paul:—This is an especially interesting paper from the Johnson High School. Because of the rapidly increasing attendance of that school the students are boosting hard for a larger and better building. From the articles in their paper they evidently are very good boosters. We wish them success in the task they are undertaking.

Bumble "B," Boone, Iowa:—Your paper is full of life from the beginning to the end. You have a splendid literary department. Why not more

jokes?

The Bulletin, Davenport, Iowa:—Your paper is very complete and presents an exceptionally good literary department. We all can take the advice given in one of your editorials, "Wake up!" especially the last three lines:

"Try something! Do something! Be somebody!"

The Echoes, Council Bluffs:—You have a very attractive paper, but it is not very large. You department headings are quite good. More stories would improve your paper consider-

ably.

The Blue and Gold, Tennessee:— Surely this paper comes from a wideawake, active school. It shows a great deal of ability on the part of its editors. We like the way you have grouped your material.

The Laurentian, Laurens, Iowa:— You have a well-arranged paper, but it is very small. Why not make it larg-

er?

The Karux, Phillipsburg, N. J.:—Your paper could be improved by a more original cover design and by grouping your jokes instead of scattering them among your other material. We are interested to note that you print your own paper.

The Oracle, North High, Des Moines:—This exchange is one of the very best received. No wonder it thrives so well when it is fed with such excellent material. The joke department is brim full of humor. Here is an example of what is found among the "Chuckles:"

"Two freshmen were discussing the war.

"Morningstar (contemptuously): 'Why, I'll bet you don't know what Germany is!'

"D. O'Hara: 'I'll bet I do. It's a

"Morningstar: 'Ha! ha! I thought you didn't know. It's no city; it's an island.'"

Other exchanges received are:

The "O," Oskaloosa, Iowa. Vinton Arrow, Vinton, Iowa.

The Red and White, Woodstock, Illinois.

The Billows, Ocean City, New Jersey

The Mountaineer, Santa Anna, Texas.

The Purple and Gray, Burlington,

The Crisis, New York, N. Y.
The Tatler, Des Moines, Iowa.
The Newtonia, Newton, Iowa.

The Newtonia, Newton, Iowa. The Acorn, St. Paul, Minn.

The Purple and Gold, Franklin, Kentucky.

The Pulse, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

PAGE TWENTY-NINE



HIGH SCHOOL WIT AND DIIMILOSIPA

ROY HAHNEN

WILL PRICE



Applied Physics.

Henry Perry (in German): "There isn't much mechanical advantage in

German, is there?"
Miss Wickware: "Why, what do

vou mean?"

Henry P.: "Well, you put a lot more into it than you get out."

A Gym Suit?

Roger Webley: "His breath came in short pants.

Miss Cummings: "Cecil, punctuate the following sentence: 'A' dollar rolled around the corner.'"

Cecil Stone: "I'd make a dash after

Choice Expressions of Mr. Peterson.

You've got too much carbon in your cylinders.

Please consider yourself slapped on

the wrist.

(Copyright, 1915, A. Peterson.)

We wonder who thought out the side-splitting joke of putting a chamois skin in the Quill Box? Ha! ha!

How Far?

Miss Gabriel (in study room): "Miss Goodrell told me if I found anybody whispering, to send him below."

Joyriders, Take Notice.

Thisisthewayhespeededalong. Atfortymilesanhour:

This is the pace back home, he walked

When busted was his power.

After an Important Discussion.

Mr. Peterson: "George, why don't you pay attention?"

George Peterson: "Nobody's said

anything yet."
Mr. P.: "I suppose that's because vou haven't recited."

Egotism is an incurable disease of the "I's."

Mr. Lyman: "What is a hurricane?"

Edwin Burke: "It's what sugar is

Nine Parts of Speech.

Broken English. Pieces of poetry. Bits of rhetoric. Imperfect tenses. Split infinitives. Crippled sentences. Grammatical particles. Fragmentary iemarks. Scraps of conversation.



PAGE THIRTY-ONE

RETTA



Miss Bush, who could not discern the board through little Artie Weissinger's dome, spoke these cruel words: "Arthur, please remove your head."

Mr. Peterson: "What is a perpetual motion machine?"

Monrad Lundberg (frantically tapping his cranium): "I got one here."

Charlie G .: "There are two sides to this question."

Mr. MacGregor: "Well, haven't you two eyes?"

Harry Bilz and "Fat" Reams have issued a slogan, "Off with the avoirdupois.

They have agreed to fast two hours between each meal and roll one hundred feet per day.

Pat was taken to Niagara Falls by a friend. He looked long and carefully. He was then asked how he liked it. Pat turned and said:

"Sure, and it's wonderful, but what's to hinder it?"

Information Needed.

Olive Hoffman: "He must have had an exceptional education because he was a school teacher for eight years."

Mr. Peterson (discussing friction): "What calamity would happen if everything should become perfectly smooth?"

Murmurs of ignorance.

Mr. P. (again): "I suppose I should have to sit here and look at this bunch all day."

Intense silence.

The eighth wonder of the world: Lawrence Carter in bright green spangles.

This is a Steep One.

Harry Berlovich: "Have you heard the story about the mountain?"

"No, I bite."

Harry: "Oh, it's all a bluff."

Pat was working on the roadway. Two Englishmen standing near thought they would play a joke on him. They took his coat and painted a mule's head on it. When he finished work he took up his coat and turned to them:

"And who be the dom fool that wiped

his face on me coat?"



PAGE THIRTY-TWO

The Rolls



A great number of small grammar school girls flock to the side of the track to see Bill Murphy.

Speaking of baseball, a "bird" in the majors is worth two in the bush.

Wanted: Three large, fat angle worms by a jilted, love-lorn youth. William Whinery.

Here's Where the Faculty Loses Out.

Notice in Mr. Peterson's room: "All budding Ty Cobbs and Walter Johnsons sign here for try-outs in school league. No bushers need apply."

Plainly the Truth.

Some people get their only rise in life through the assistance of an elevator.

The Trend of His Thoughts.

Miss Kasson: "What did the musicians play in those days?"

Ross Waddell: "Marbles!"

Take your choice between the high stunts of Art Smith and the high notes of E. Caruso.

You can drive a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink;
You can ride a Latin "pony,"
But you cannot make him think.
—Ex.

Poem of Doubt.

Do you girls know Orville Ellis?
If you see him coming, won't you tell
us?

In study rooms he cuts up some.
And we should like to share the fun;
But say, the way that boy does wink.
Hypnotizes you so you cannot think.
He is a track man of renown,
But they say that he lives out of town.
And that would make it so unhandy,
But, believe me, he sure is "one dandy."
Some one said he had a "steady,"
But just the same I will be ready.
As this is leap year, I have a chance
To pierce his heart with cupid's lance.
But if he has a place to go
I don't suppose I have a show.





German Patriot: "I have a brother in the German army who always is where the bullets are thickest. Ah, so brave!"

English Listener: "Where is he-in the ammunition wagon?"-Ex.

Scrub (looking at the building): "Some building.

Senior (standing by braggingly replies): "I helped make that

Scrub (quite promptly): "So did my father."—Êx.

Was It True.

There was a gang of men working at the city hall handling heavy crates of glass. As they staggered along under the load, a wise copper came by and velled out to them: "I see you are working at light business."-Ex.

How Stupid.

City Chap: "Tell me, how is the milk maid?"

Country Jake: "It ain't made, yer dum fool. The cow gives it."—Ex.

Miss —: "George, name some of the common writers of verse.'

George: "Pentameter, hexameter, oc-

tometer, er-er-

Voice in rear: "Gas meter."—Ex.

Attorney of Gas Company: "Think of the good the gas company has done! If I were permitted to use a pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet, 'Honor the light brigade.'

Voice from rear of court room: "Oh! What a charge they made!"-Ex.

Anxious About It.

A farmer, after engaging his room in a large hotel, asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

"We have breakfast from six to eleven; dinner from eleven to three, and supper from three to eight," the clerk answered.

"Well," ejaculated the hayseed. "when am I a-going to see this 'er

town?"-Ex.

At Work in Forge.

Holland, a Soph, stood in a state of anger, threatening to use a sledge on

another Soph's head.
"Holland?" said a third Soph, who was looking on, "look out or you will

A woman hailed the passing conductor as the train was pulling into a station, and said: "Conductor, what door shall I get out by?"

Conductor: "Either door, ma'am, the

car stops at both ends."-Ex.

On the Side Lines.

He (pointing to team): "That man there will be our best man."

She: "Oh, dear! this is so sudden."

Apropos.

"Father, may I go out to shop?"

"Yes," said Papa Whitney.

"Tell your troubles to none but a cop, and don't go near a jitney."-Ex.

The Majority Rules.

Three boys were discussing their respective parental dignity.

"Every package that comes to my pa is marked 'D. D.," remarked one.

"Yes, and every package that comes to my pa is marked 'M. D.,' " remarked another.

"Pshaw, why, everything that comes to my pa is marked 'C. O. D.,' "boasted the third.—Ex.

Quite True.

A very prominent physician stopped to watch a mason lay brick, and finally

"John, the mortar covers up a lot of mistakes, doesn't it?"

"Yes," quickly replied the mason, "and so does the spade."—Ex.

We Think So, Too.

Teacher (in English): "Now, what was the poem Beowulf about?"

Senior: "Oh, most people say that it is about a terrible disease that assailed the bard."-Ex.

PAGE THIRTY-FOUR

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He Will Be Polite.

Mr. P.: "Warren, have you an admit?"

W. B.: "No, ma'am."

Pupil filling out program cards: "I don't know the name of my study room teacher."

* * *

Teacher: "Well, put down any teacher's name, Miss Wood, Miss Balliet, Miss Snook or Miss Richter."

Orville Ellis: "Or Mis-cellaneous."



Juan Jak

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Miss Nelson: "What artillery did Hannibal take with him across the Alps?"

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